

Scholar of the Insane and Abnormal

by NecroPriestess

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Summary: Beatrice had diligently studied the residents of Wonderland and managed to figure out what made them tick. This resulted in a relatively peaceful existence, but it all comes crashing down when the countries are shuffled and she finds herself floating in a fountain in Diamond Country. Now she has to relearn everything, and outsmart a country that is hell bent on killing her.

Scholar of the Insane and Abnormal

Beatrice was found floating in the middle of a fountain, and that was probably the most normal thing to happen in the last few hours-time changes she'd gotten to this strange world. She drew her shawl closer around her body as her mind tried to catch up with today's events. There was falling into the fountain, getting taken in by a nice old faceless, just for her to hand her over to the Bloody twins when they came in demanding protection money. And now here she was, walking between the two as they led her to wherever they lived now. She peeked a look at Dee, but he didn't seem to notice her as he spoke with his twin, his hands moving about as he did. They certainly looked the same, with their dark hair and colorful eyes, and they even spoke the same. She wondered if she got closer to them would they still smell vaguely of sweets and blood.

"Ne, what's the little girl thinking about, brother?" Dum poked her cheek, but Beatrice didn't respond to the playful gesture. She was used to them wanting a reaction out of her, and if she didn't respond, she knew they would get bored. "Foreigners are pretty boring, don't ya think?"

Dee nudged her head with his pistol, the cold metal against her dark curls made her heart plummet into her stomach, but she still didn't respond. "She was babbling all lot earlier; maybe she's scared of us now." He pressed the gun harder against her skull. "Are you scared, little girl?"

"Uh, I don't think so." She gently took hold of Dee's much larger hand, and moved the pistol off her head. "I'm sorry for not talking so much thoughâ€|"

It wasn't that she wanted nothing to do with them, it was justâ€|Actually she wanted nothing to do with them. These two were different from her Dee and Dum, they may have acted the same in most ways, but there were subtle differences in them. Some of the words they used were more complex, and there was a subtle maturity in the way they held themselves. But what concerned her most was that they didn't remember her at all. They were not only surprised to see her, but had even gone so far as to find her suspicious and dragged her off to Blood. So she was convinced that this 'Diamond Country' that she was now in did something to the residents of Wonderland. She wasn't sure what exactly, but whatever it was tampered with their memories.

Beatrice was ripped out of her thoughts as they walked up to a pair of large wrought iron gates. There was no one standing watch, and Beatrice wondered if the Twins even still had that job here. Dum kicked the gate open and led her down the familiar brick pathway that led to the giant mansion. It was exactly the same as the one in Clover Country. The washed white stones were all in place, and the many windows were all set in the front and just as clean as ever. Even the lamp posts that always sat right outside the building, all six were there and on even though it was the middle of the day. When they got to the door, it was immediately opened by a faceless butler who bowed. "Welcome back Master Dee and Master Dum."

"Is the Boss back?"

The butler shook his head. "He left only a few moments agoâ€|" He gestured to Beatrice. "Do I need to prepare a room for our guest while she waits?"

Dum shrugged and pushed her forward, while Dee walked away with his arms crossed behind the back of his head. "Do whatever you want, just make sure she doesn't leave before Boss comes back."

The butler bowed again, and kept that position until the Twins rounded the corner. He then straightened up and turned to her, his head tilted to the side, causing some of his bright red hair to fall into his 'eyes'. "If you would follow me missâ€|"

"Beatrice." She said.

"Miss Beatrice, if you would follow me I would be thankful."

She nodded and followed the man down the warm halls. They went up a stairway and rounded several corners. Even this path way was similar to the guest room she was always shown when she visited Hatter's Mansion. She wondered if that was a coincidence or not, and if it wasn't then did some things stay the same no matter what country she was sent to? Her eyes narrowed as she passed a few of the faceless maids and butlers. She didn't recognize any of them, so it could be that the ones she was used to were replaced, or this country had different faceless stationed here.

"Here's your room, Miss Beatrice." They had stopped outside a small

room that a few maids were tidying up. The butler's mouth opened up, and he seemed to twitch a little. "I-I'm so sorry, it seems the maids are cleaning it. This is terrible," He grabbed her shoulders and spun her around. "I'll find you another room-

"Wait, it's fine." She dug her heels into the wooden floor, trying to slow the bigger man down. "I can wait until they're done; I'm an unexpected guest after all." She grabbed one of the man's hands and dug her nails into his flesh.

The man yelped and ripped his hand away. "Miss, why on earth would you do that? If I don't give you a proper room, I'll be sure to lose my head or worse!"

She was more used to hearing that term when in Vivaldi's castle, not really around Hatter's mansion, it made her wonder briefly if there was a difference in execution styles here as well. "It looks like the maids are almost done, it would be a waste to send me to a completely different room, don't you think?"

As she said this the maids left the room with their feather dusters and brooms. They spared her a quick glance as they went on their way, their eyebrows creased in confusion. The butler let out a sigh and led her into the room. "Um, thank you for your patience, I suppose." He gestured to a door towards the back of the room. "That leads into the bath, I shall have someone provide you clothes as soon as I possibly can."

"It's fine, I doubt I'll be taking a bath." She nodded towards him. "You're dismissed."

The man bowed. "Y-yes, of course Miss."

The butler left her room, shutting the door behind him as he did. Once she could no longer hear the man's footsteps, Beatrice went over to her bed and laid down, letting her body sink into the fluffy blankets. With everything so topsy turvy she was now a little desperate to go to sleep, that way she could ask the one person who seemed to know everything. If she went into the Dream Realm and spoke to Nightmare, she was likely to get all her answers, or at least some of them. Granted, he would have to remember her and not see her as a stranger. Then again, Nightmare was always friendly, even when they hadn't known each other very well. Unless that trait had changed thanks to this new country, then she was completely and undeniably in trouble.

She needed to find allies in this new country and quickly. However this was easier said than done since she was unfamiliar with this place and, apparently, equally unfamiliar with the residents. She let go of all the tension in her body and let herself fall back on the bed, arms spread out at her sides. Aside from the miniscule increase in maturity, there wasn't that much difference in the twins; as soon as she got a job and some money she could always bribe them into being her ally. Though, she wouldn't be terribly upset if she managed to find someone else before she got that desperate. The twins could be good company, but she liked them in small doses. Very, very, very small doses.

She shut her eyes and took a deep breath. "Nightmare, I need you right now."

\* \* \*

><p>So she didn't dream. She didn't dream, hear Nightmare's voice, or even feel him probing around in her head. She was left out like last week's washing, and was still no closer to figuring out what was going on than before she fell asleep. At the moment she was being escorted to Blood's study by the same redhead faceless butler that she met earlier. Every so often he would wring his hands, or smooth back his bangs. She wondered what this Blood was like to have the butler to be so nervous, or if it was just the usual faceless-Roleholder jitters. The butler stopped outside a pair of double doors with and knocked. "Now, Miss," He said when he got a reply. "please be careful. Master Dupre can be quite eccentric, more so than one would think."<p>

"Of course." She had every intention of being careful; Blood was a mafia leader after all. She opened up the door and peered inside. It looked similar enough to the study back in Heart and Clover. There were rows of wooden bookshelves built into the walls, a couch nestled in the corner of the room, and the massive oak desk that sat close to the back. Behind it was seated someone she could immediately identify as Blood Dupre. He looked the same as ever with his unruly hair, obnoxious hat, and bored eyes that were staring at a sheet of paper. "Mr. Dupre?"

The man looked up, and the boredom shifted to mild interest as he stared at her. "So you're the curious child the Twins found." He gestured to a chair in front of the desk. "Come and sit down, it's doubtful that standing there is all that comfortable."

"Thank you." She did as she was told, and folded her fingers in front of her with her back straight. "And I'm afraid I'm no child, Mr. Dupre."

"Really? You look like one."

"I'm fifteen."

"That's rather young," He said. "I never expected a foreigner to be so young."

Her eyebrows furrowed slightly. "You know that I'm a foreigner?"

"Of course," He set down his paper, now giving her all of his attention. "when two of my men claim a girl with a face knows them, there's only one thing to possibly think. Foreigners coming to Wonderland is rare, foreigners entering Diamond is even rarer." Blood stood up and across the desk, just to gently take her hand and kiss the back of it. "It's an honor to meet you, Ms. Libson."

"Beatrice is fine." She withdrew her hand, and put it back in her lap. This Blood was far more excitable than she last remembered. Now that she was looking at him, she could see less stress lines around his eyes when he smiled, she wondered if he was physically younger as well. "I hope that my sudden intrusion wasn't a problem. I know how strenuous an unprepared guest can be on the staff and the mind."

Blood sat back down in his chair. "It's no problem. I find guests

interesting, and a foreigner is a very rare guest." He gave a short chuckle, the type that made her want to squirm in her seat. "A rare guest indeed."

\* \* \*

><p>"So you sent her away," Julius said. "I'm not sure if you're stupid or insane."<p>

Nightmare blew out a wisp of smoke, making the Clockmaker's eyes narrow in annoyance as he waved it away with a hand. "Everyone's insane here," He said. "and I had no choice in the matter. I assure you, if I did she wouldn't have left." A smirk curled on the thin lips. "Why, do you miss her terrible coffee and clumsy housework already?"

Julius shook his head. "I'm not concerned about her for those types of reasons. You know better than anyone about how that place feels about her type. It won't be long before they decide to kill her."

"True," Nightmare stared at the ever shifting 'sky' above him with a thoughtful look for a moment, before shrugging. "oh well, I guess you better remember all the nice times you spent with Beatrice. Those very few, almost non-existent times-" Nightmare yelped and waved his hands wildly. "Don't think something like that! Alright, alright I'll stop!"

Julius watched as the incubus floated closer to the ground, his pale face slowly shifting into a serious expression. "If it's what was ordered then so be it, I'll do my best to keep Ace at bay. I'm sure he's aware of her disappearance by now."

"Good luck with this new game Beatriceâ€|"

\* \* \*

><p>Beatrice sat in the guest bathtub, the bubbles floating and popping around her, and the warm water easing away all of her previous tension. One hand held onto the side of the massive tub so she wouldn't sink in any deeper, while the other held a small vial with a diamond shaped cap above her bubble bath. "So it begins again, huh?"<p>

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><p><strong>AN: I FINALLY managed to get this finished. This entire story is a gift to Angelic Trinity, she was wanting a story that was Beatrice x Gray, and you all know the saying 'Ask and you shall receive'. I hope this chapter was up to your expectations, and hopefully this intro wasn't too boring. ^\_^; \*\*

End  
file.